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DISORDER

That Magazine from CTR FM 102

AUGUST 1988*ISSUE #67

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But don't expect to get anything back.

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228-2487 or 228-CTR.

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AIRHEAD

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PETTY, BORING CRITICS AND McDONALD'S RADIO

Dear Communist International Terrorist Ring:
Attention: Airhead,

Are you trying to fuck up my mind by playing so many things at once, or are you people just so afraid of being offensive that you must stoop to ambiguity. Five thousand angry folks saying "Fuck" is "rah-bah-bah", but one, just one, is enough to mean something. If you have something to say, say it and don't be chicken shits. Much better to burn in hell than be a mediocrity lizard.

Next up is Bill Mullan's review of the Beatnigs. Don't be afraid to say "buy it". Is there some kind of protocol up there in the black tower that says it's not hip to tell someone to spend money on something? Or is it fear? See what I mean? Pasteurized, homogenized. Toss off the MSG's and stop being McDonald's radio.

Finally, to Tom Anselmi: are you an immobilized stagnant little fuckhead or what? If you see a problem with the "scene" why don't you stop being a "stupid, petty, boring" critic and get off your ass and do something about it? It's impossible to be a martyr to something you're no longer a part of - it's pathetic instead.

Boy, I'm spent. Gimme a cheeseburger.

Sincerely,

Godfred V. Noosebeyer

We soundly deny any connection between CITR or Disorder and McDonald's Corp., financial or otherwise. It is merely a coincidence that this month's issue contains an upclose and personal article on the happy-go-lucky corporate clown Ronald McDonald. Mere coincidence.

NEO MORTE TALKS BACK

Dear Airhead,
(Re: Janis McKenzie)

I thought your article "Local Motion" warranted a response from "Neo Morte". My name is Cormac, the bass player and part time singer. It's very true when I think about it that our demo tape would appear one-sided. Possibly sexist, because of the titles of three of the songs. I can't speak for the song "Princess Die" as I am not responsible for writing it. Dandon John the singer of it wrote it. I can't say that I can say anything good about

her though. I did write the song "Shirley McLame/The New Nonsense" and it's not really so much about her but what she advocates that is being questioned. It's an intelligent song and if one reads the lyrics and compares what I say to one of her books one can appreciate what is being said in the song. "Molly Ringwald's Cunt" was written by Nik Normal (sing/guitar). I personally would title it differently, but it does make reactionary types spew verbal garbage until they realize that the song is about her exploiters. Its lyrics contain other pop movie stars both male and female whose only contribution they are allowed to make is showing their attributes or shallow lines spoken. Just to show fairness we do have songs about "creepy guys" (to coin a phrase). On our cassette "30 Minute Workout" we have a song in particular "Stop Strip Searching" which is about the events which happen in the North of Ireland to women republican prisoners. It shows them to be powerful and resistant to a male-dominated prison system. I write this letter not to put you down nor do I disregard your statements. But only to make sure the general public does not take our song titles as sexist or ignorant and we believe that the women's struggle is important. And our songs aren't written for shock value.

Thanx,

Cormac (The Relentless)

DRINK LOTS

Dear Airhead,

On July 8, two friends and I went to see the Jazzmanian Devils at the Roxy on Granville. I had heard that the Devils were good and that the Roxy was not since it took over the Venue. I decided to risk it and in both cases, what I had heard was true.

The Devils played with style and energy. However, after their first set they left the stage saying "Drink lots." I have chosen not to drink alcohol in clubs for a number of reasons, and I also know enough to expect and ignore the average alcohol sales pitch in clubs.

What I don't expect and cannot ignore is to be discriminated against for that decision. My friends and I arrived early enough to get a table, paid our five dollar cover charges, endured the Roxy's tasteless decor, endured a pushy waitress, and listened to the Devils pushing drinks. After the first set we were asked for the proper identification because we were not drinking. What's more, if we did not start drinking, we would not be allowed to sit at the table, we would have to stand, despite the fact that we paid the cover charge. This, according to the waitress, is the Roxy's policy.

Nowhere else in this city have my friends or I experienced such discrimination on the basis of choosing not to drink. Rather than argue the Roxy's policy, we walked out. We are now writing letters of protest. We understand that clubs must sell alcohol to earn a profit, and that cover charges are meant to equalize the gap between drinking and non-drinking customers (as does the high price for non-alcoholic drinks). We were not aware a cover charge does not allow equal service for all customers at the Roxy. The treatment we received in the Roxy was rude and unfair.

I fantasize that any present and future Jazzmanian Devils fans that they wait for a show anywhere else in the city. As for people who have chosen not to drink and enjoy the club scene, when you are discriminated against, don't keep silent! Bands will play at better clubs, and the boycotts by drinking friends have meaning.

Christine Cosby

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Dear Mr. Subscription Man Randy,

I am seriously considering liposuction for my brain. I bet you never thought I'd still be in Bonnyville. I never thought I'd still be in Bonnyville. (You think you have problems with fascists.) After a year of pretending to be a science student at university, I'm at home re-evaluating my decidedly uncool existence. DISORDER SAVES! Please renew my subscription so I may breathe, sleep and eat the word of Disorder. Amen. I'll stop by later this summer on my annual pilgrimage to Vancouver to say Hi. Until then, take care. Bye

Love & Peace

Lorri

Dear Disorder,

Imagine my relief when on page 18 of the July issue I discovered that even here in British Columbia's north, That Magazine from CITR could be obtained. I have lived here for six months and although the camping and hiking is terrific, I miss the urban qualities of life in a city. For example, I am getting a little sick of The Movie Theatre here - how long can Rambo III be held over? With only one theatre, each day becomes a higher form of movie melodrama —

With anxious eyes The Terrace throng gathered and read the Tillicum Theatre marquee only to discover with horror that it was the same movie!

It was held over!

It was long!

It was stupid!

It was ...

THE MOVIE THAT WOULD NOT END!

Video is the saving grace and stereo video is akin to the Second Coming. Only one small problem - video stores up here think alternative film means pornography, which I suppose can be cool at times - or should I say hot - but it doesn't always fill the void. Don't get me wrong. Life in Terrace is swell, isn't it Beaver? But there are things I miss. Disorder is one of them - but not for long! One thing is for sure, no magazine printed up here uses the word fuck.

I expect you'll hear from me again,

Richard

P.S. Does anybody really know where Terrace is?!

Yes, like Lorri and Richard, you too can have meaning brought back into your life through a subscription to God's own Disorder. Twelve month subscriptions are \$12 in Canada, \$12(US) in the States, and \$20(CDN) elsewhere.

TOURISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Dear Airhead,

Society is pissing me off. People should be able to differentiate between a tourist and a local. Just because a camera is in my hands doesn't mean I'm a tourist. Two alternative-seeking teenagers by themselves, both holding cameras and taking pictures of alley decor is a far cry from Supernatural British Columbia. Can I help it if I love photography? Another problem: I'm scared to be taken as a tourist because tourists get so much behind-the-back crap from us locals. Instead of fleeing from the scene of a pair of hands embracing a Nikon, give them something to shoot at and remember.

Sincerely,

You only live once.

P.S. Two contradictory words? I think I know an "oxymoron" if I see one: Samantha Fox.

NEGATIVITY?

The following is a copy of a letter from David Marsden of the CBC sent to John Ruskin in response to John's letter which included a copy of his article *Audition For Stardom* from the July issue. *Audition For Stardom* dealt with John's experience of auditioning for the new CBC program focusing on things concerning and of interest to young people being produced by Mr. Marsden.

Although John was not chosen for the show, Paula the Sex Goddess was.

Dear John,

Thank you for your letter of Best Wishes for our new show. You said in that letter 'I hope I haven't upset you.'

The answer is that you haven't. You have however, given me concern over your negativity. I sincerely hope that you don't perceive the print media as a vehicle where negative becomes the door to success.

When we opened our doors and invited all to come to our audition I was proceeding with a very positive motivation. My hope was to find a group of people who could represent our show and their friends. Not every person applying can be successful in getting on the show. But everyone had an equal chance.

Mr. Sid Kozak is a professional and he does know what he is doing. I value and trust his input totally.

Incidentally, through our show you will see many people who have never been on television before. You will also see a lot of music and ideas not normally given any notice by other programs. Please try and stay positive, and give us a chance to try something different.

All the best to you in the future whatever you may wish it to be.

Incidentally, I don't know of anyone who has a 'CBC voice', except perhaps the late Lorne Greene.

Thank you,
David Marsden
Executive Producer
"Pilot One"

IT'S TRUE

Yes, it's true. Despite the demise of The Savoy, Shindig will again rear its ugly head. It will be happening at The Railway beginning on the 12th of September. Interested bands should get their demos into Linda Scholten c/o CTR A.S.A.P. Continuing on the topic of contests — How near is near? How far is far? If you know the answers to these questions you could win a show broadcast from your very own home. Check out the CONTEST details on page 20.

Disorder is looking for contributions of artwork, writing (fiction or non-fiction; music or non-music related), photos (music or non-music related), etc. Disorder also needs help with other vital areas including layout, proofreading, and wordprocessing. You need not be a UBC student. This magazine can be yours as much as it is ours. Give a call to Mr. Ed (Kevin Smith) at 228-3017.

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A TIMBRE PRODUCTION

EMOTIONALLY DEVASTATING: ARCHIE SHEPP AND HORACE PARLAN

When they said saxophonist Archie Shepp was an emotionally overwhelming musician they weren't joking. Sunday, July 3 marked the final night of the Jazz Festival and a sellout audience for the Shepp/Parlan show at VECC. However, the show didn't stay full for long. After completing his first two numbers - "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and "Go Down Moses" - about a dozen or so people scurried for the doors. In this writer's opinion these were people who just couldn't take it. Raw emotion fused with consummate artistry can make a few among us squeamish. Shepp and Parlan exposed delicate nerve ends, and the result was magnificent.

Shepp and pianist Horace Parlan have been working on and off as a duo for almost ten years. Shepp, the better known of the two, has worked within an amazing variety of jazz settings. He has played in small bop combos, in large aggregations involving African influences and plenty of free playing, and in this duo he has returned to the earliest sources of black American and Afro-American music. These musical roots stem from the enslavement of black Africans in America and grew both inside the church and out in the fields. From spirituals and "reels" came the modern equivalents of gospel and the blues.

It is in no way a negative comment on Horace Parlan's superb musicianship if he has escaped

In the attention of the average music lover. He himself articulated the problem best during an interview after the show: "Jazz, of course, has always been a neglected art-form. It has not gotten the support, generally speaking, of the media. Let's face it, this music is Afro-American music. It was created by black people, and I feel that the media has chosen not to support it for that reason, actually, and anything that they can't control, normally they try to suppress." The bottom line, both Shepp and Parlan make clear, is racism.

So it was probably with a sense of irony, and certainly with a sense of history, that Shepp and Parlan took the stage to play in front of a predominantly white audience. And maybe it was because of this sense of irony that Shepp wasted no time musically nailing onlookers right between the eyes. I

felt like my insides were ready to cave in by the end of the third "negro spiritual" he'd performed—incredibly emotive, delicate blowing utilizing the circular or continuous breathing technique one associates with Rahsaan Roland Kirk, and a brief patch of singing like an anguished bellow in the great tradition of Bessie Smith and other Deep Southern blues and gospel singers. Much of the audience must have been on the verge of tears. I know I was.

Words can't really describe what Shepp does, and records can only approximate the live experience. But the closest parallel which ran through my mind was that of Shakespearean tragedy. Shepp's playing on those first three agonizing spirituals was akin to the greatest of the playwright's soliloquies rendered in the most masterful fashion—catharsis of the highest order. It was almost too simultaneously painful and beautiful to endure.

And certainly there is more than a touch of the theatrical in Shepp's blood. The two musicians together give the appearance of a set piece. Distinguished—looking in suits,



nodding solemnly to one another and, after applause, to the audience, they moved with a languorous majesty befitting their roles. They conveyed grace and a seemingly effortless elegance. When Shepp wasn't playing he poured himself water from a jug sitting on a small table, then sitting on a stool he presented his profile to the audience while Parlan developed crystalline—and moody expressive lines at the keyboard, creating perfect undercurrents for the saxophone to ride on when it reappeared. Shepp may not like the word "art," as he believes it has a tendency to alienate, yet in its best sense, there is no name more appropriate for what this man is creating. At age 51 he is a giant at the height of his creative, imaginative and technical powers.

Backstage Archie Shepp is more easygoing than his stage presence might suggest. He ranged over several topics. His experience as a lecturer of Black Studies at the University of Massachusetts was one of them: "I think that ... it has its mo-

ments. I enjoy talking, see, let's call it lecturing."

On theater: "Part of the problem in this whole business is racism. The theater is a victim of racism. I mean Blacks aren't able to really do creative works unless they are re-creations... of some other works, Sophisticated Lady, Bubbling Brown Sugar, those kind of things, or a re-creation of Fat Waller's work, or Duke's work, which is important... but original black composers aren't allowed in my estimation to emerge and especially they are not allowed to write for the theater. It's very frustrating for a black person today to conceive anything outside the very limited narrow horizons that are prescribed for us by the larger society."

Future plans: "I have written plays for the theater and I'd like to write a really solid musical because I think I have a flair for that, and by now I think I have the experience to do something really meaningful." And of course, black music: "The music has so many implications. We try to point them out both in our performance and in the brief presentations I do before each song. Many people don't know that black music has a history beyond the United States. I'm influenced also outside my tradition. For example, this gentleman (Celso Machado) who played before me plays a style of music which is also a part of the African-American tradition. It just happens to come from South America. That music impinges also very strongly... bears very heavily on the music that's played in the United States, especially if you consider things like polyrhythm and blues scale and falsetto voice—many things in common." Shepp ended the interview on this note, "The avenue should be open for people who are talented to achieve on a quality basis commensurate with their talents, their abilities."

What more can I say besides urging you to see Archie Shepp and Horace Parlan yourself, should they return to Vancouver. The albums which feature the two together are *Trouble In Mind* and *Goin' Home* both on Steeplechase records and both quite different from Shepp's earlier avant-garde work. For these two men to have journeyed as far as they have in one lifetime, with all the attendant problems of being original black composers and jazz musicians is rather staggering.

Lachlan Murray

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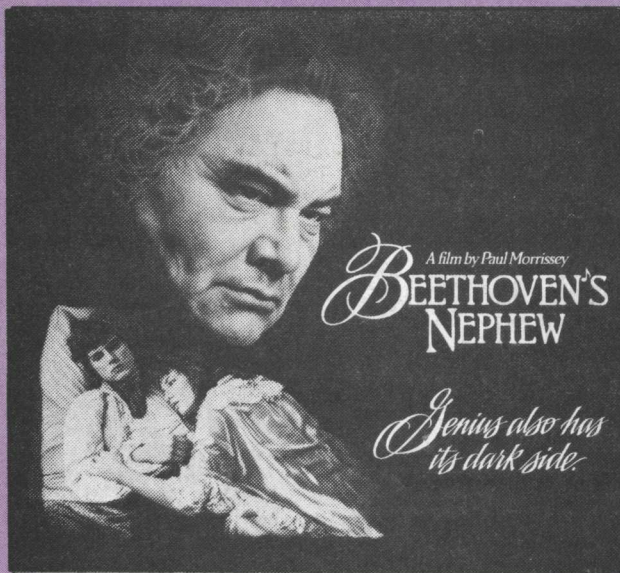
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single-life



When Tim was a youngster he dreamt of having a wife. This was long before he knew anything about copulation or taxes. A wife was just a safe place to go, a home base, a resting place, a safe place. When he overheard his mother talking about a friend of hers who had lost a breast to cancer, he dreamt of having a one-breasted wife.

In his dream he would be typing at his desk like his father, and this one-breasted woman would sneak up behind him and wrap her arms around his neck. She had black hair and clear skin. The look on her face said that she knew a lot. He would feel warm when this happened and he wanted to stop his typing and cuddle with the woman. He was unable to do that, even in his dream.

About a year after this dream began he got round to wondering why the woman had only one breast. He figured that maybe he wasn't too confident about himself, her being damaged made it seem more plausible that she could love him. He wasn't far wrong

with that line of thought.

As he entered adolescence the dream became more erotic. They would lie in bed together and he would kiss the hard surface of skin where the missing breast was. She would cry and tell him that no one had ever done that before. Sometimes he had to kiss her again and again between the shoulder blades before she would remove her face from the pillow and look at him.

It never occurred to him to share the dream with anyone. It was something just for himself.

As he entered manhood he kept his eye out for one-breasted women but ended up marrying a two-breasted woman. She was a kindergarten teacher; a plain, nervous girl, with thin brown hair, fidgety hands and a ski-slope nose. She cooked well and cared about her appearance. She did everything she could do with her appearance but she was still quite plain. Not distractingly plain mind you. It was nothing

you couldn't get used to.

Tim went to work in a warehouse, driving a forklift. After six months at the warehouse he joked that he would be working there at the age of fifty, stuck in middle management.

After six years he was still working in the warehouse, still driving the forklift. He didn't joke about it anymore.

Tim and his wife had a child together, a girl. They called her Lucy. The child came in July so Tim's wife was able to keep teaching in the fall. When it came right down to it, when they figured it out on paper, they needed both incomes. They'd bought a house at the peak of the real estate market so they had a much bigger mortgage than some of their friends who owned fancier houses.

Tim kept driving the forklift. At the insistence of his wife he went and asked his boss for a promotion. He told the boss he had coached a girls' soccer team all the way to a

provincial championship. It seemed a silly thing to trumpet in front of a warehouse boss, but Tim's wife said it showed good management ability and a whole lot of other things too.

The boss listened, first in dread, and then gratefully, that he was being given this chance to set things straight with Tim, to inform him that he had no future with this company - that to be considered for any kind of promotion Tim would have had to perform his duties perfectly as a forklift driver, whereas in fact Tim was a below average forklift driver. He consistently damaged merchandise and slotted things in the wrong position.

Tim left the office considerably cheered. He only had to be a better forklift driver and they would promote him. During the afternoon coffee break, the reality of the conversation began to seep into him. He would never be promoted in this company. He had blown it by not being a good forklift driver in the first place.

He stopped for a drink on the way home, worrying about what to tell his wife. She would be disappointed. She wouldn't shout or get angry, but she would be disappointed.

He went home and told her the truth, that he was a second rate forklift driver and the company wasn't interested in promoting him.

He was right. She was disappointed. She stopped sleeping with him. She stopped cooking for him. She stopped talking to him. When she finally left him, fleeing to her mother's in Vermont with the little girl, it was almost a relief.

Single life, thought Tim, can't be any worse than that.

Tim gets naked in front of the mirror in the bathroom.

"I've got twenty thousand a year and good stomach muscles," says Tim to his own reflection, "and that should be enough to get me thoroughly fucked by every manner of strange woman."

He goes to the bars. He blows his pay cheque in the bars.

Two months pass by. Nothing. For the first time in his life Tim is lonely. Reluctantly, he comes to believe that there is an aura of failure about him; a fear, a smallness, a lapse of confidence.

Tim decides to buy a woman, feeling that this might shake the jinx. He approaches a whore early one winter evening, conscious of his embarrassment. She is a buxom blonde with tiny blue eyes and broad shoulders. She is wearing a blue dinner jacket, a string of pearls, a white minidress and long, white legs. She is more wholesome looking than you would expect; she could be plausibly cast in a Kotex commercial - except for her eyes, which are like stone.

She says, "Hey fella, do you want to get

naked and make love?"

"How much?" says Tim.

"Eighty-five for me, that's a blowjob and good hard fuck. And twenty-five for the room. A hundred and ten bucks for something you won't forget," says the whore.

"How about eighty bucks for everything?" says Tim.

"What are you talking about?" she says.

"How about dropping the price for me?" says Tim.

"Why should I do that?" says the whore.

"I'm not a fat pig," says Tim.

"So what?" she says.

"I'm young, I'm good looking, it should be cheaper for me."

The blonde kicks him viciously in the shins.

Tim walks steadily in the other direction, balancing the weight on his legs to avoid limping.

He phones Vermont. His mother-in-law answers the phone.

"It's late," she says.

"I know. How are you?" says Tim.

"It's late," she says.

"Can I talk to my wife. Is she there?"

"Why don't you call back in the morning?" says Tim's mother-in-law.

Tim sits at his kitchen table drinking coffee. At five in the morning he makes scrambled eggs and toast. He feels alert for the first time in weeks. He phones Vermont.

His mother-in-law answers the phone.

"It's early," she says.

"I know," says Tim.

"Alright, hang on," says Tim's mother-in-law.

Tim stares from his kitchen window to the street below. The cars move slowly through thin fog with their headlights on.

"Yes?" says Tim's wife.

"It's me," says Tim.

"Yes," says Tim's wife.

"I want you back," says Tim.

"That's impossible," she says.

"Why's that?" says Tim.

"I have a lover here in Vermont," says Tim's wife.

Tim says nothing.

"He's a lawyer - and he's in love with me," says Tim's wife.

"I stayed up all night," says Tim.

"I'm sorry," she says.

"Well, that's okay," says Tim. "I mean that's Okay. How's the kid?"

"Fine."

"She misses me?" says Tim.

"She hasn't said anything," says Tim's wife.

"I'm going to sell the house," says Tim.

Tim feels ill for four days. Penis soft in the mornings. He goes to work, buys his lunch from the lunch wagon, eats alone on the packing crate; usually a sandwich, a donut, and a coffee.

Tim passes a lot of wind. He notices with some interest that there is no odor to it.

He has a recurring daydream in which one of his co-workers comes up to him and says, "Tim, you seem down - for God's sake come home and meet my family, have dinner with us." Every few days the daydream features a different co-worker. When there are no more co-workers to fantasize about, he begins to harden inside; the pain is unwanted wisdom.

It is a cold rainy spring. Tim realizes that he is rootless. "I can go anywhere, do anything," he muses to himself - and then with some bitterness: "The world is my oyster."

He sells the house for less than they paid for it. The sale generates no capital. He decides to move up north, buy a rifle, build a cabin, live off the land. He quits his job, sells off the furniture and the television. He trades the Maverick for a Datsun Truck and begins to plot his escape to nature.

Tim drives the Datsun truck downtown and parallel parks by a meter. The meter has twenty minutes on it. He deposits a nickel and winds the handle. He has thirty five minutes to shop.

He goes to a pawn shop and selects a deer hunting rifle with a scope on it. The man behind the counter is overweight. He is puffing slightly and pulling gently at the corners of his cardigan, allowing Tim to handle the weapon. "It's a fine weapon, that one," he says, and then he remains silent, watching Tim carefully, realizing that the rifle is selling itself.

"How much?" says Tim.

"Three hundred and sixty five for that one," says the fat man.

"Does that include the scope?" says Tim.

"You bet it does," says the fat man.

"Do you have a licence?" says the fat man.

"What licence?" says Tim.

"You gotta have a licence," says the fat man. "I can't sell you a rifle without a licence."

"How much is a licence?" says Tim.

"You have to take a Weapon's Safety Course to get a licence. It's forty-five bucks. You can register here but the courses are all booked until the end of July."

"You won't sell me that rifle now?" says Tim.

month.

On the last day of the month he drives to Foam City and purchases a thick piece of foam which he sets up in the back of the truck with a sleeping bag and a small transistor radio. He sleeps in the back of the truck on a side street close to the beach. In the morning he collects pop bottles from the garbage cans.

The fat man lifts the rifle back up onto the rack.

"I can't sell the rifle without a licence," says the fat man, as if this were a fact of nature that few people are aware of.

Tim sits in his barren house, drinking, counting off the days until the end of the

around the picnic area adjacent to the beach. The pop bottles bring in two or three dollars, which is gas money for the truck.

He spends a lot of time in the public library, usually in the science section. He studies repair manuals; exploded views of toasters and electric blankets. He leads a double life. Downtown in the library and the soup line, and around the beaches in his truck.

One day he bumps into an old school chum at the mall. She has a white coat on. Her name is Nancy. She has a quick smile, thick curly orange hair cropped short around her face, crooked coffee-stained teeth. She is a pharmacist. She works in the pharmacy in the mall.

"You probably have a husband and kids by now," says Tim.

"I have a husband, no kids," she says, "and you?"

"Nothing," says Tim.

"Join me for a cup of coffee?" says Nancy.

Tim sits with his old school chum in the mall drinking coffee and picking at a muffin. She says, "Hey, do you remember that time we drove Roger's car into the lake and Mimi posed on the roof without her shirt on?"

"Of course I remember that," says Tim.

"That was some party, eh Tim?" says Nancy.

"Sure it was," says Tim.

"Those were the good old days," says Nancy.

"They sure were," says Tim.

"Hey, I gotta get back to work. Nice talking to you," says Nancy.

Tim joins the evening soup line and then walks over the bridge to his truck. He crawls into the sleeping bag in the back of his truck and turns on the transistor radio. There is a program devoted to Bulgarian music. The announcer says, "We're about to hear three tracks. The first of them is an unaccompanied vocal, the second is a purely instrumental arrangement, and in the third you will hear an assortment of musicians performing MIA CULPE CON QUISTADOR with stunning vocals by a young singer named Olga Sarcema. The titles are all in Bulgarian and I haven't a clue what they mean, so let's just listen."

Tim listens to the Bulgarian music. He pictures a row of girls in bulky cotton dresses spinning around so that their dresses rise up above their knees.

Tim wakes up late the next morning. It is the first warm morning of the year. The air is clear and crisp and slightly salty. He pulls his boots on and walks out onto the beach. There is an elderly couple walking together where the waves are crashing in on the sand. They are holding hands. An Irish Setter bounds ahead of them, charging the ocean as it recedes and retreating as it advances.

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Dissidenten was formed in 1980/81 by Friedo Josch (flute, wild dancing) and Uve Mullrich (guitar, bass), both formerly of German prog-rock/

ethnic band Embryo. The two founding members were later joined by Marlon Klein (drums, production). Their second album, *Sahara Elektrik*, generated immense popularity for the group in Southern Europe and Northern Africa. Their unique combination of western and North African instrumentation with a steady rock dance beat, and emotive Arabic singing has been influential throughout Europe. They have subsequently released a third album, *Life at the Pyramids*, and are in the process of converting the rest of the world. As part of this conversion process they came to town on July 3 at which time Disorder spoke to Uve Mullrich. Or should we say he spoke, and spoke and spoke...

The Breakup of Embryo, The Beginning of Dissidenten, and Non-European Music

With Embryo we played a lot in all these Eastern countries; with this group we made our first contact with non-European forms of music. We played all over India, Afghanistan, Iran - the welcome party for Khomeni at the University of Iran in 1979. These were our first

DISSIDENTEN

contacts. We decided that these were good places to play because we had large audiences, and much appreciation.

Later on, Friedo and I decided to leave Embryo because it had fallen into a kind of hippy trap. By going and playing in India when we returned there were all these people with incense sitting down cross-legged in front of us going "holy, holy, this is the new age" and so on. And here we were from Berlin with our black leather jackets and stuff. It was a very puzzling experience. All over northern Europe somehow we had become the flagship for people who didn't want to grow, and when a thing like that becomes too nostalgic it is no longer helpful for the artist. So we figured we would disappear from Europe for a while and lived in India for about a year and a half. At this time we already had Dissidenten as a side project for other kinds of music. While in India we recorded an album *Germanistan* with the Karnaka College of Percussion; 10 percussionists and one female singer. We toured a lot in India with this group, and Shakti and John McLaughlin. Later we did a pretty successful tour of Europe with Indian musicians but we ended up in a very intellectual corner. People with beards and pipes sitting there very seriously, watching this cultural event. Though we did have a couple of really nice gigs, like at the Berlin Jazz Festival with Miles Davis but it did all end up in a very heady corner. This was in 81-82.

We wanted to make pop music. The kind of music that people would dance to. In other places outside of Northern Europe people would dance to our music; we didn't have that intellectual crowd. So we went to Morocco and Spain and other places because we wanted to have a little bit of free space.

The Sound Of Dissidenten

Before the sound of Dissidenten developed I just wanted to use the Arabic language for a more weird point of view. I had been working with Nina Hagen, and even though she was pretty successful internationally, working in German limits you. There are still only 120 million people in Europe who speak German. Doing the whole thing in English would have meant that we would have had to deal with a whole different structure of the English/American show business which is no good for a group that doesn't come from either of these places. So we thought from the beginning that we would use a very strange language because we wanted to work with vocals. Something like the Pigmy language or Hindu or Arabic or whatever. We wanted to do this in order to make people who listen to English music, and understand it, feel the same way we feel about an English song because we hardly understand it. I understand it but most German people don't. They just go along because the groove is there. So we thought it could be the other way where people who understand English might just catch onto the subconscious message of the whole thing. And eventually they did.

My initial idea was to get any kind of Arabic and cut it up and make a collage of sorts. I had come across this record by Brian Eno, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, and I played it for some of my Arabic friends. They liked the approach very much but they were bewildered by the lyrics. They felt that if somebody is going to be singing in Arabic then why not something we could understand. So I realized that we should get a competent writer to write something worthwhile. Then I met Cherif Lamarani, who is a very important poet in Morocco, and Mbark Chadili and Mohammed Ayoubi. The three of them make up Lem Chaheb, an immensely popular Moroccan group. We prepared the melodies and the arrangements, and Cherif Lamarani would think up the lyrics. These are the guys we recorded the *Sahara Elektrik* album with.

There is this guy named Abslam Akaboul who is something like a sheikh, an aristocrat. After Morocco became independent after the Second World War, he was sent to the US to be trained by the CIA to become the police chief of northern Morocco. This



photo: Kim Clarke



photo: Kim Clarke

guy was also a Gnaua dancer. Gnaua is a musical cult in Northern Africa that has a dance which is very similar to tap-dancing. Eventually he ended up becoming a tap-dancer with the Duke Ellington orchestra. While he was in the US he met all sorts of crazy people. Since he has a palace up in the Casbahs in Tanger, in the 60's and 70's all these different musicians and artists would come to his place and hang out there. William Burroughs, Jack Kerouac, Timothy Leary, Eldridge Cleaver, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Brian Jones...all sorts of people.

So one time after a concert with Embryo in Morocco this sheikh comes up to me and says, "I really like what you are doing and I would really like to sponsor a band that is doing what you are doing so you should come to my place and stay." So I went and visited him there. He has this huge palace. He says we can have a house to stay in. I thought this was just like a fairy tale. Too good. This guy knows everybody in the Arabic music scene. He would phone people and say, "I've got this guy from Germany here and you've got to come down." If they had no money he would send some to them, and a plane ticket and so forth. The next day all these famous Arabic musicians would arrive and we would have sessions for weeks. The sheikh would bring in all the recording gear - it was incredible!

This whole thing, all these sessions, is

what turned into the Sahara Elektrik album, recorded more or less under live conditions, as you can probably tell because the songs are really long. The whole concept was not really adequate for western listening so for the second album we decided to make the songs shorter so that we would at least be able to get some air play.

We had an interesting experience with the North African music business after we did these recordings. There were two master tapes and someone snuck out with one of the tapes in the night. Suddenly without our knowing, the whole of North Africa was listening to our music. Someone had been duplicating the tapes and selling them to all sorts of record companies in Morocco, Algeria, Egypt. Even as far away as Mexico there are records of us. We could easily have made a deal because it was a joint venture, and we were pretty upset at the time but that is the way things work there. Now I think it's sort of okay because I think people who have little money and so on should still be able to listen to the music.

The Songs

All the compositions were done by the three of us, and based on a lot of Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and North African folklore. There is also a lot of Celtic influence in there. As to how the songs are written, take Sultan Swing for

example. It is based on a Sardinian folk song. The main melody is from a Sardinian folk song. Then maybe we fit in a little bridge of our own. We have another idea ourselves, and then along comes a Swedish folk song that has a couple nice changes so we fit it underneath. We get things from every corner of Europe and put it together. This applies more to the last album (Pyramids). The fact that there is Arabic singing on top suddenly makes it switch totally into an Arabic feeling.

On the last record — the two singers that we have with us when we play live, Houssaine Kill and Hamid Baroudi, also worked on a couple of the songs but mainly it was Cherif Lamrani who wrote the lyrics because he has the certain approach that we think is important. The good thing about working with Cherif Lamrani was that he also knew everything about western pop music. He is not like the traditional old masters and musicians, whom I personally admire, but you can't do anything except maybe play along with them because you don't really know their stuff. It's a very old heritage. Through Cherif Lamrani I met all the young hip Arabic musicians. Also, his lyrics are a very important step forward for popular music in Northern Africa because for the first time someone is really singing about something, things that are of real concern to people. It's not like "Oh God, oh

my baby why did you leave me, why is it so terrible?". This almost fatalistic approach, he just got rid of it. He is probably the most advanced exponent of a movement that is comparable to what was happening in western pop music at the beginning of the seventies and the end of the sixties when all these groups came up. Like The Pretty Things, The Who and whoever else, whereby the sound of the electric guitar was the promise of revolution. These guys in Northern Africa also caught onto that, but they didn't have the money to buy themselves the Telecasters and what not so it was reflected more in the approach to the lyrics. By meeting with us he had the opportunity to put his thing into a more modern context. Which was very important for him as well as for us.

Personally, I also don't want to get involved in the lyrics as the European who tells them what is happening or what to do. The Europeans have told the rest of the world what is right for so long, and I wouldn't like to be an artist who plays in these countries and acts like that.

The Mediterranean Thing and Roots

I would say that our music is based on the whole Mediterranean thing. If you look at history you see that the whole basis of the Mediterranean is very much the basis for European culture. There has been so much crossing back and forth between the Mediterranean countries and Europe. Italy,

Greece, and the whole Balkan Spain used to be Moslem for centuries, and now it is Christian again. So of course all these influence are on both sides of the Mediterranean. Basically that's the idea that we draw from for this music.

We have discovered that the old roots of European music is a very large field because in Europe the tribal history is still alive in a sense. Of course we are all modern and so on but there are the Vandals up there, and there are the Celts over there, and there is also the Basque region and so on. You can still find much history in the local music. It is not like in America where if you are in New York you hear one thing, and then you go all the way across to San Francisco and you still hear the same twangy wangy thing all the way across. In Europe it is not like that; you can go three hundred miles and then you have totally different scales and a different approach. And we feel that this hasn't really been introduced into pop music. Pop music is the modern expression of folk music, you know pop music, popular. That's what it means. All over the world it is the popular music now, and we live in a world now where all these different places contribute with their own roots towards a "world pop music" even though I dislike that term a little bit because it is just another thing to cash in on these days, another trend. But on the other hand though, the roots are so rich it's quite obvious that it's going to last a long time.

New Projects and Inspiration

We have quite a few new songs that we are doing live that aren't on any album yet. We are not sure if they will be recorded because we are changing the focus of the project, and are working with Native North American musicians now. I have already spent some time at various reservations in Canada and the U.S., and have met many people, and we will spend the rest of the month in Toronto finishing an album with these musicians. Hopefully it will also involve a one and a half hour film. I met some Native leaders at a conference in Ottawa a couple of months ago. I also visited Leonard Peltier who is in prison in the U.S. If we are working with these Native people we feel it is important that their views also be expressed. The main theme of this film and the album will be the 500th anniversary of the accidental arrival of Columbus in America. We don't know if we are going to release these other nice songs we have. If we do more of the stuff in the Arabic mode it might put us into a corner. We are also preparing another project called Soundtrack of a Continent which will take us to Bulgaria, Finland and Spain looking at all the different kinds of music in Europe. We hope this will inspire other people to do similar work.

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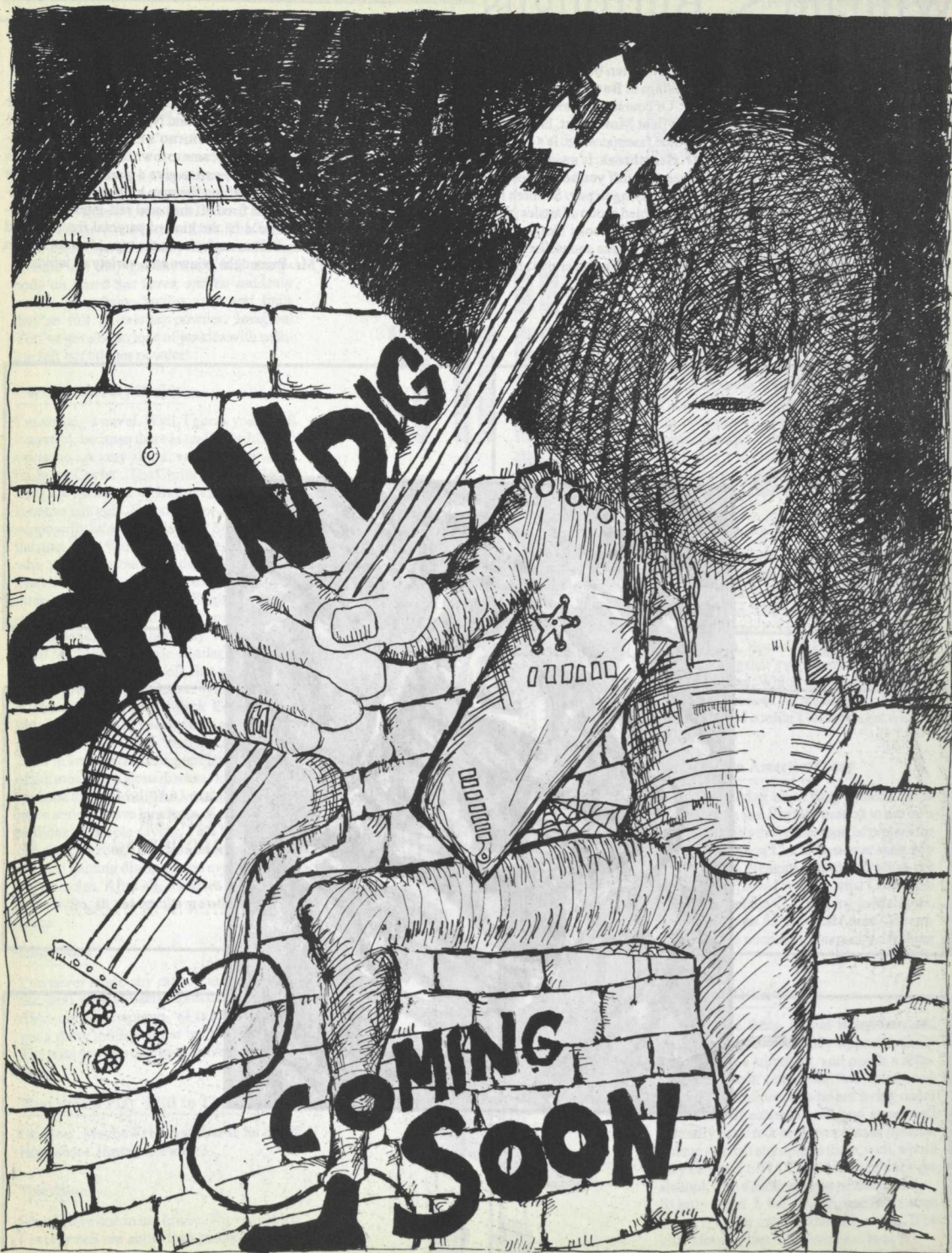
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William S. Burroughs

Discorder and its parent, CITR, have often been criticized for being elitist, so it's unfortunate that I'm going to make this next statement. But, if you don't know who William S. Burroughs is, my telling you about him and his work isn't likely to make you put down your copy of Jackie Collins' *Rock Star*. Of course, on the other hand, I'm no literary expert or even a student of Burroughs' writing. I know that he was a frontline soldier in the Beat Movement, but I've never even read his two greatest novels, *Junkie* and *Naked Lunch*. So what do I know? Not much, other than that his voice fascinates me. It's a voice that has appeared on everything from John Giorno's *Poetry Systems* compilation albums to Laurie Anderson's *Mr. Heartbreak*. It's a great voice. The bottom line of all this is that Burroughs came to town to push his paintings (which I thought were marginally better than the stuff you see on people's fridges titled "Mummy" or "Gramma") and to give a reading at the Ridge Theatre, and I wanted to see the guy without having to pay. So there I was, in the Western Front Gallery watching the man himself sitting, chain-smoking and pounding the vino, while an assembled group of artsies in black hand-me downs and cycling pants fired off the usual self-interested questions. Up close, the seventy-four year old Burroughs looks like your grandfather; except, you just know he'd be the kind of parental figure who'd continue to show you how to debauch long after the time counsellors say a human should be dead. William S. Burroughs is not the type of senior citizen you'd ever see getting pushed around on the deck of some cruise ship to Alaska. What follows are Mr. Burroughs' views on a variety of topics.



The Quality of Writing in the Eighties

I don't see anything particularly innovative in American writing today or in any music.

Favorite Author

Conrad. My favorite novelist of all time. He's the best. Boy, just read *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*, Lord Jim. Wow! It's so profound. Or *The Shadow Line*. That's another great one. This nasty skipper sells the quinine and they get out there, and everybody on board has fever, and he suddenly cracks the quinine bottles open and finds they're full of talcum powder. Imagine! You've got a boat-load of junkies with nothing left but talcum powder!

Current Literary Project

I'm writing a novel. Well, I guess you'd call it a novel, because there is really the historic evidence...A very slight, very suspect novel on Jesus Christ...The Christ virus gets loose from the Museum of Extinct Species. This is not so fantastic. Do you know, smallpox is supposedly an extinct disease? So I talked to the man in the World Health Organization, who was in on the final days of smallpox. They're keeping the smallpox virus alive in three places. Cambridge, England, somewhere in Sweden, and I think somewhere in Switzerland. I asked him why. He said, well there might be a disease similar and they'd need it for a vaccine. Well, that seems to me to be a pretty feeble excuse. What a plot for a terrorist novel, they hijack the smallpox virus. They're not vaccinating anymore. In another twenty years, imagine that getting loose in an unvaccinated population. It's one of the most contagious diseases known. So to get back to the novel. The Jesus sickness gets loose and you have hundreds of thousands of millions of people saying, I am the Way, no one comes through the Father except through me, and gaining disciples and even performing miracles. After all, miracles can be performed. So, ah, the results are of course total chaos.

Hollywood

I've never made any money in Hollywood, but, well, they've been expressing interest. In films nothing happens 'til it happens. You got a thirty million dollar budget? Hell, yes. The next day you can't get through the secretary!

Who Would Play WSB In The Movie

Oh, dear. Maybe Fred Astaire. Is he dead? How about Jimmy Stewart?

Television

I don't have one in my house. The only thing I ever watch are animal programs. Oh man,

the leaping lemurs (a type of monkey) of Madagascar. See, I have a thing about lemurs. It's an animal I dearly love. One place I'd like to go would be Madagascar before I die. To see the lemurs in their natural habitat before they're all wiped out.

Hemingway Once Wrote About Bullfighting. What Sport Would WSB Write About?

I'd probably write something derogatory about hunting. Particularly this safari nonsense. I mean really, Robert Ruark (journalist and travel writer), he goes out there and here's this white hunter backing him up. There's the lion about twenty yards away. And he goes Ka-pow! Plonk! The lion falls dead as an apple. If the lion had charged him of course the white hunter would have taken him out anyway. But is that a glorious accomplishment? I would never kill anything that I didn't intend to eat or need to eat. I could never kill a deer. Although, I am very much into guns and target practice.

Guns

The old Colt .45 is one of my favourite guns. It takes a lot of getting used to. But now I can shoot with that better than I can with a .22. It's a good gun. The 9mm Beretta has much more firepower, it's got 15 shots. I haven't used that gun. But I did use this Glock. This Austrian thing that's supposed to get through metal detectors. Which is absurd, because it has twenty ounces of metal in it. Another piece of junk. I couldn't hit the target with it. It jammed.

Thoughts On America Today

I begin by saying no to drug hysteria. This drug hysteria is a flagrant pretext to set up a police state. It's the crudest sort of pretext for a Fascist takeover I've almost ever seen. My words on the Reagan Administration are not printable. And I wonder what Colby, the former head of the CIA, is doing in Malaysia, where he works for the Malaysian Government in some unspecified capacity. Nothing good.

Crack and Other Drugs

Crack is one thing, heroin is another, and they're going at absolutely opposite directions. One is a stimulant, and one is a sedative. Of course, remember that opiates are painkillers, and people who are living under conditions of extreme pain and stress will naturally have recourse to opium or opiates. If there weren't any opiates there, well, would they be better off? Of course, there's always alcohol. The deadliest drug of them all... Exactly what I feel is, anyone who uses drugs, it's their own goddamn business. If he kills himself, that's his business too.



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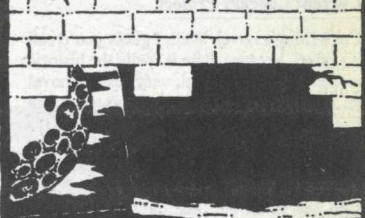
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ART Bergman N

Interviewing Art Bergmann is a project filled with possible disasters, most of them self-induced mind you. One colleague complained, "He got me so drunk I couldn't walk home... and I only lived a block away." Bergmann himself notes, "One guy showed up ready to interview me after he had been drinking for 36 hours straight. I guess he thought I'd be like that."

Just why that particular interviewer thought Art would be "like that" is probably why we all expect him to be "like that". Art has a huge reputation as, in polite terms, a substance abuser. It's a reputation which has been built, expanded upon, enhanced, and made legend over the last decade as Art has played his way from White Rock in the Shmorgs, to Vancouver with the K-Tels/Young Canadians and Los Populares, and finally across Canada with *Poisoned*. Recently, I met him at the offices of his manager, Sam Feldman, and found him to be pleasant, friendly, articulate, intelligent, and all too aware of his, then, impending media saturation. "You aren't being forced to do this are you?", he asks, before adding, "God, everyone in town is going to be sick of reading about me".

Over a couple of bowls of gumbo for lunch we talked about his new album (released as an "Art Bergmann" record to avoid confusion with the LA based glam rock band *Poison*), and sundry other topics, ranging from Bruce Allen ("he said I'd never sign a contract") to Bill Vander Zalm ("he'll get re-elected just by smiling").

So how does someone like Art Bergmann end up with **Adrien Heath**, the man in charge of **Duke Street Records**? Well, it's not really all that exciting. *Poisoned*, like any good aspiring Rock Band made a video. It was a video for their song 'Empty House'. Shot in a Sunday afternoon, on the set of an aborted film project, it caught the eye of local music impresario Sam Feldman. When asked why Feldman, who is known for his Top 40 acts, wanted to manage him, Art replies, "he saw the video and thought, 'these guys can make us some money'". With Feldman's support the band was able to sign with what is, probably, the only record label in Canada which would take a chance with an artist as bluntly original as Art, Duke Street Records.

According to Art the label is committed to its artists; such people as **Jane Siberry**, **Chalk Circle**, and jazz artists, like **Moe Koffmann** and **Hugh Marsh** get the time and, more importantly, the money they need to develop and progress. He also points out that being on a label the size of Duke Street means that he's less likely to be lost in the



shuffle, as can be the case with large US labels, or their Canadian subsidiaries. "You run a huge risk of disappearing forever, I mean if you sign with them and the A&R guy changes, the guy who takes over could say 'this isn't my project' - then you sit on the shelf for years. Or you're signed specifically as a tax write off, what kind of shit is that? It'd be horrible, I'd commit suicide." Nonetheless he describes being signed to Duke Street as akin to breaking the "sound barrier". "There are all these people that you've never met before, and you have to trust them, and they're all on salary." And Art Bergmann will have to, someday soon, help pay those salaries. It is in this rarified atmosphere that he and the band (Ray Fulber, bass; Susann Richter, keyboards and vocals; Taylor Nelson Little, drums) began to look for a producer.

John Cale is a somewhat legendary figure among people who are likely to hang around a college radio station. He, with **Lou Reed**, founded the **Velvet Underground**, and after leaving the Velvets, continued to write songs documenting the truly darkside of life. He also produced a variety of artists, such as **Iggy Pop**

and the **Stooges**, **Patti Smith**, and **Jonathan Richman**. People as familiar, as himself, to college radio types. "Producers are busy months, even years in advance," recalled Art, "and the money!" Getting Cale was almost too easy. After one of Cale's periodic solo shows in Vancouver, hoping to get Cale's attention, Bergmann gave him his last cassette release, a four song EP produced by **Paul Hyde**. Cale was so impressed he called Art from the airport offering to drop everything in order to produce his album. Obviously one does not turn down such an offer and, as they say, the wheels were set in motion.

Recording in Toronto (to avoid friends and other bad influences) on a very tight schedule (two weeks to record the album and another five days to mix it) Bergmann has few pleasant memories of Toronto. Not the least of which was the band's accommodation. "We were on the twelfth floor of this new building. I think it was Mafia-owned...there were high-priced call girls running in and out of it every morning at 4 AM. The four of us in the band were in this tiny two bedroom apartment... it was like 24 hour-a-day Gestalt therapy". And none of this takes Cale himself into account.

When asked how Cale was to work with, Bergmann jokes, "We stared each other down a lot. The people in reception were afraid of him. He's probably got a coven in deep Manhattan. He's got that kind of an aura. Actually he's clean, a contented man. He's in great shape for a forty-six year old." Cale's opinion of the production on Bergmann's earlier recordings wasn't quite so complimentary. "He listened to the songs and said, 'You don't need that shit', and he's right". Cale's search for a 'new clean' sound led Art and the band in new directions. "When we were working on the guitars he complained about my sound, 'it sounds like Megadeath—Stop It!', recalled Bergmann imitating Cale's distinctive rasp. "Or he'd say, 'try the Vox, Art, try the Vox' or 'I'm losing interest Art... Hurry Up'". Not too surprisingly, Bergmann adds, "I was confused." Holding it all together in the studio was ace NY recording engineer **Roger Moutenot** (Nile Rodgers, Lou Reed), whom Cale brought with him for the sessions. "He was great", states Bergmann, "there was no bullshit, no I'm this, I'm that... Roger just had it."

So what does the result of 18 to 24 hours days in a "pressure cooker" of a recording experience, that left those involved unsure of anything they were doing ("you listen and you can't tell if it's slowing down or not, or if it's too loud"), sound like?

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Well, nothing like any Art Bergmann recording you've ever heard before.

"I won't say it's better than Terence Trent Darby, but I will say it's different," jokes Bergmann when asked for his opinion of the record. Given that Cale wanted to remove 'all that shit' congratulations are due him for maintaining his artistic vision through the recording process. Unfortunately, the reaction of long time Bergmann fans upon hearing this record for the first time is likely to be one of despair and disbelief. The grinding distorted guitar for which he has long been loved is gone. It's been replaced by a much toned down 'clean' guitar sound. His ripped-from-the-soul vocals have been calmed down and mixed up in the songs. Susann Richter's backing vocals and keyboards have also been given a more prominent role. None of this is lethal to the album. In fact I've come to rather like the album. Without the surface flash of all the 'shit' one tends to pay far more attention to the songs themselves. Which is probably what Cale had in mind. What this album does is to remind us all what a great songwriter Bergmann is. His slices of the dark underbelly of society (domestic violence, incest, and a variety of self-abuses in the form of everything from drug addiction to love) are served up as no one else could expect for maybe John Cale or Lou Reed.

"I don't listen to the new album," states Bergmann, "I'm 'listening' to the next album". A process which requires him to descend into a friend's basement where he is keeping an 8-track recording deck so he can work on the songs which 'exploded' out of him after leaving Toronto. The next batch are far more 'stream of consciousness' than his previous work. They include a "10 minute dirge... its sort of an antidote to Lou Reed's 'Heroin'", and "a big hallucination", which he experienced as a result of "all those sleepless nights" in Toronto. Of these new songs he says, "I don't think songs have to make sense."

All of this is tied into Bergmann's goal of writing "something original" by digging into his own experiences. He jokes that his life thus far has been 'deepresearch'. Just to keep things, for the interviewer, interesting, he also claims, "I'm a huge thief". "I steal lyrics but no one has caught on yet. I'm even stealing from myself now, I've been writing so long," he adds as his voice trails off. When the resemblance of one song to Bryan Adams' 'Run to You' is mentioned, he replies, "Its actually an old Blue Oyster Cult song... so who's stealing from who?" If the Duke Street/MCA promotional push, and play-listing of Crawl With Me by a variety of Top 40 stations are any indication, it's a question we should have plenty of time to consider.

Pat Carroll

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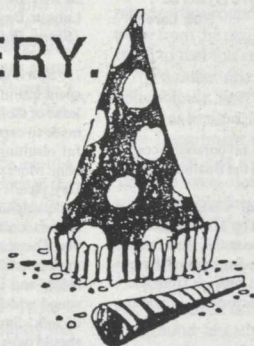
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UNDER

REVIEW

PETER MURPHY
Love Hysteria
(Polygram)

Apart from the obvious vocal comparison with David Bowie, ex-Bauhaus member Peter Murphy has carved out a style all his own, as his second full length solo release attests. For the most part, *Love Hysteria* is a collection of stories from Murphy's wild and vivid imagination set to pleasingly melodic, mid-tempo tunes. Murphy does have his dark moments with *Socrates the Python* and *My Last Two Weeks*; however, they are not simply unhappy broodings but real, personal struggles one can identify with. *All Night Long*, *Indigo Eyes* and the *Bowie/Pop Fun Time* cover are all outstanding tracks. Interestingly, four songs are based on paintings by a friend of Murphy's. Fall keyboardist/producer Simon Rogers plays on and produces *Love Hysteria*.

Rob Lorenz

THE PRIMITIVES
Lovely
(RCA)

(Eds note: This is an extremely favourable record review. Anyone who never liked the Beatles should not read on!)

Hailing from the industrial waste lands of England come the latest Brit Top 10 Pop Sensation! This may cause you to pass this disc over, given that the recent "Brit Pop Sensations" have been unmitigated disco rehash rubbish from the "Stock, Aitkin, Waterman" factory in London. (More Rick Astley anyone?)

Fear not.

The Primitives have managed to write the perfect 3 chord pop-rock single, *Crash*, on their first album. It's got everything a pop single should have: catchy lyrics, fast, crunchy 6T's kinda guitar, and a total length well under 3 minutes. Of course, there are dissenting opinions. Several of the more cynical CiTR DJs have called *Crash* wimpy. Well, sure, compared to *Death Sentence*, but on its own terms *Crash* stands up against the singles of such previous 'perfect' pop 'rockers' as the Undertones and the Buzzcocks. But, *Crash* is only the first track on the record.

The album as a whole is indeed "Lovely". Over its 14 song length, the band trot out some way decent stuff. The songs range from a ragarock tune, *Shadows*, thru to a Velvet Underground sounding *Run Baby Run*. However, to be honest, most of the record stays in the territory staked out by *Crash*. Which is fine. They turn out the catchiest pop songs I've heard this year.

Lovely, it's an album that dares to walk the fine line between saccharine, bogus-pop, like *Tiffany*, and the feedback overkill of the *Jesus and Mary Chain*. Lovely...it's just lovely.

Patrick Carroll

FLITOX
C'est Homme Est Mort
(Jungle Hop)

Bladderdrrippin, spleentoastin, chainsawlacratin goodness from France's hardcore champs Flitox. Angrier than a chunk of camembert these four garçons from the Paris suburbs manage their instrumental overkill with an underlying maturity that makes this one of the best debut albums ever.

Military conflict (Hiroshima), human rights (Le Prisonnier) and good old fashioned America bashing (*Made in U.S.A.*) are a few of the themes the bands reflect upon. D.K. and *Death Sentence* fans oughta dig bashin heads to this one.

Rob Lorenz

SPIRIT OF THE WEST
Labour Day
(Stony Plain)

Spirit of the West have topped off a spring spent touring Canada with the early summer release of their new album *Labour Day*. The effort made to capture the bands' live feel was successful resulting in an intense and impassioned album. More political than their first album, *Labour Day* pleads the case for the oppressed, be they undervalued lighthouse keepers in the Maritimes or the too easily ignored street bums of Vancouver. The music of *Spirit of the West* falls under the label of "Rogue Folk" with their Celtic instruments and melodies forming the backbone of a sound which expands the traditional boundaries of folk. Strong from start to finish, this album should pave the way for the wider recognition this band deserves.

Becky Scott

WIRE
A Bell Is a Cup Until It Is Struck
(Capitol)

The first thing one notices about this LP is the somewhat disappointing absence of a proportionate share of vocals by Graham Lewis, the writer/co-writer of many of Wire's best songs (at least in this writer's opinion). Otherwise this is a collection of softcore WIRE pop tunes. Very even, very spare, very good, but ultimately lacking in the variety and pacing that made *The Ideal Copy* such a fabulous "comeback" offering.

Colin Newman's voice is so restrained that one wishes someone would light a fire under him so that he might lend that WIRE edge to the material. Still, *A Bell Is a Cup* will see a lot of time on my turntable. Of particular note is a cut featuring Graham Lewis called *The Finest Drops* which, in addition to the characteristically oblique poetics, reminds us of how Wire can grab a listener with an incredibly elusive hook over an effective and incessant beat. However, I wonder

of the results if the group found a more interesting drummer seeing as Robert Gotohed seems content playing the part of a human metronome. Also, Bruce Gilbert, the group's guitarist and most interesting solo artist, unfortunately seems to have resigned himself to a background supporting role with this recording. In fact, the whole sound seems to be solely the product of Colin Newman's pop sensibilities. The lyrics are excellent as usual, the songs are all good, but I can't help but feel a certain cutting edge is lost, perhaps in pursuit of more commercial viability. One thing is for certain - this material will not stand up to live presentation as well as their last LP. To sum it up: good LP but it leaves one with mixed feelings.

M. Mushet

JOHNNY CLEGG AND SAVUKA
Shadow Man
(EMI)

The "White Zulu" is back with a slick, multi-racial Afro-pop lp. As might be expected, the sound of Clegg's former group, *Jaluka*, can be heard throughout *Shadow Man*. Although very tactful lyrically in his treatment of the policies of the South African government (one need not say Apartheid), the album was still banned in South Africa for having vague references to the resistance movement(s). The sound is very pleasing to the ear and heart; credit is due to the man who continues to chip away at the rock of Apartheid.

John Frymire

ABECAEDIANS
AB-CD
(Caroline)

Ghostly, image-evoking melodies highlight a guitar and percussion package from this Newport Beach trio whose name means those who are learning. The music on AB-CD is from three previous releases; the *Resin* and *Eureka* albums and the *Factory* records (New Order) single *Smiling Monarchs*. Trance dancers will enjoy the hollow repetition of *Ghosts* and *I Glide* which inspire an obvious comparison to *Joy Division*. *Smiling Monarchs* is an outstanding, hypnotic track with an eastern flavour that brings a smell of jasmine to the dance floor. Cool, innovative yet unpretentious, AB-CD is the definitive ABCEDIANS anthology.

Rob Lorenz

ZOVJET-FRANCE
Shouting at the Ground
(Screaming Red)

Few musical entities have intrigued me so. This "group" apparently hails from England and has until now been responsible for some of the most innovative (if impractical) record and tape packaging in recent memory. I suspect that "they" are really only one or two people. The music of *Zoviet-France* is a kind of atavistic drone/calling created by means of analogue and digital tape and sampling effects layered and adorned with the occasional Asian bamboo flute or koto sound. Mostly, people who attempt this kind of thing fail miserably at achieving the kind of hypnotic swirl that *Zoviet-France* seem to produce on virtually every outing. Atmospheres and soundtracks abound in this music, and the possibilities for gallery and installation collaborations with visual artists seem fantastic. I would suggest Russell

Mills for starters, then perhaps a foray into film. Their current LP packaging is less unwieldy than before - they've wrapped discs in everything from roof tiles to canvas to tinfoil - but it seems now that they do in fact consider photography and painting worthy of association with their music. One hates to use the term "soundscape" as it is often used by "new age" idiots to describe the aural laxatives perpetuated by the aural wallpaper crowd. However, the music of Zoviet-France is truly deserving of the best implications of the term and should appeal to visual artists in particular as well as anyone simply interested in excellent contemporary sound sculpture. Beforewarned though, these records have a way of disappearing into the woodwork very quickly so act fast.

M. Mushet

DEVO Total Devo (Enigma)

Ten years ago Devo released their first album. I was sold when I saw the *Satisfaction* and *Jocko Homo* videos the first time. I bought the album. It changed my life. So I couldn't resist when I saw new DEVO vinyl after a four years absence.

The theory of de-evolution states that humans were once a very intelligent but small race. As we multiply, IQ decreases proportionately and we gradually adapt to simpler and more elementary thought patterns. Maybe Devo is the missing link between evolution and Elvishness. Hence the cover, Don't be cruel.

It still sounds like eighty's DEVO but I keep having a deja vu of Heaven Seventeen's *The Luxury Gap*.

"II digital cartoons...", computer graphics, new uniforms, new drummer David Kendrick... Why do I get the feeling that the *Shout* album, which bombed, was a contractual obligation album. They're right back on track and sound about as good as they did in '82. If you're a fan of the "spud boys" then you'll like this album. However, I hope the next album is a bit weirder.

Matt Richards

BRYAN FERRY: Bete Noire

Bryan Ferry is hip, cool, suave, and can afford to hire superb musicians. His music is well crafted, seductive, and highly danceable. His new album exemplifies the aforementioned characteristics. Only the un-chie will dare to miss his September 5th concert at the Coliseum. And only the half-chic will fail to obtain, at all costs, front row seats for said concert. Then again, perhaps I am slightly won over to his favour. Bring a smoking jacket and a pack of Dunhills (contrary to popular belief, Bry does not smoke Gitanes). One must keep abreast of these sorts of details.

M. Mushet

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PROFILE

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Enter **Front Line Assembly**, a local duo comprised of **Bill Leeb** and **Michael Balch** who over the course of the past year have released four discs (the two most recent LPs - **Corrosion** and **Disorder** - receiving extensive airplay on CTR), have been included on several compilations and in the whole process have become one of Vancouver's busiest bands. Their incendiary rhythmic onslaughts matched with a menacing, almost forboding undercurrent have been setting club-goers' footwear alight in both North America and Europe.

For **Royal Conservatory of Music** graduate Balch, **Front Line Assembly** serves as the antithesis to a career that had its origins on the mainstream bar circuit. In the FLA confines Leeb finds satisfaction with a degree of involvement that eclipses his former status as silent third member in **Skinny Puppy**; a role he relinquished in the summer of 1986.

In an interview that took place about a year ago, Bill Leeb (in reference to the numerous projects which at that time had still to be released) had said: "If you start small, you'll generally stay small. If you get enough little releases going on all over the place, then hopefully it will all come together for you in the end." After a handful of records plus, his philosophy has hardly changed. "I think the first two records...the one on **KK Records**...it's such a small label that it didn't even make it over here. It's a rare kind of record almost. The second one is pretty limited as far as accessibility goes, so to me **Corrosion** and **Disorder** are still our first quote-unquote major releases as far as North America is concerned. Until these there wasn't too much press of any kind, but now it's the **NME**, **Melody Maker**, **Rockpool**, radio interviews...I do them almost every day. We've got college radio play across the States. The first two are just little side projects almost. I don't think we've oversaturated because the average person hasn't heard the first two, and yet you can't relax too much."

Performance-wise, **Front Line Assembly** will continue to remain low-profile for the next little while. "Gary Levermore (**Bushido/Third Mind Records**) just returned from a business trip where he spoke to **EFA Records** - West Germany. Apparently we've now sold enough records there that

they want us to do ten dates in Germany, five in Holland, and a few other locations," states Leeb. "We'd probably go and perform there before playing in Vancouver." For their live show, FLA will be packing drummer **Daryl Neudorf** who is currently in Toronto working on **Sarah MacLaughlin's** **Netwerk** debut.

On vinyl, particularly on the first two albums **Initial Command** and **State of Mind**, listeners have been exposed to both sides of FLA songwriting: material intended for the dance floor as well as their more adventurous, experimental compositions. Rather than making a decision to focus on any one style in the future, Leeb explains that **Front Line Assembly** are "going to try and use more earthy-sounding instruments and stray away from the really electronic" which "just starts to feel too cold after a while."

"I'd rather mix in pianos and heavy metallic sounds...sort of like **Test Department** but not as limited. More **Front 242**-ish meets **Test Department** meets maybe the **Swans** rather than just a **Chris** and **Cosey** alone. They've been doing all that for years. It would be silly for us to keep plugging away at that genre. It's just better to find your own sound. I think we want to sound more earthy rather than too over-electronic."

While Leeb is quite confident that the FLA approach is not a conscious trampling on ground already covered, listeners will compare them, a few perhaps quite critically, to some of the aforementioned artists as well as others such as **Skinny Puppy** and **Revolt Cocks**. Not so says Leeb. "We haven't had any bad feedback yet. I haven't had a complaint. Nobody's confronted me or said anything like that. I do think we sound a little more bad mood, a little tougher. We're still in the learning stage."

Aside from a 12" single release scheduled for the fall, a pre-Christmas LP, plus inclusion on the **Funky Alternatives III** and **C'est la Mort III** compilations, Leeb is working on a solo project. He explains: "It's called **Delirium** - **Faces**, **Forms**, and **Illusions**. It's eastern-dark-ambient soundtracky type music that's completely different from **Front Line Assembly**. There's no skipping dance patterns or anything like that. There's no vocals except for maybe monks and samples...it's pretty ethnic. It's like I have this other side that I feel I have to get out. It'll be out later this summer on **Dossier Records**."

Lloyd Uliana

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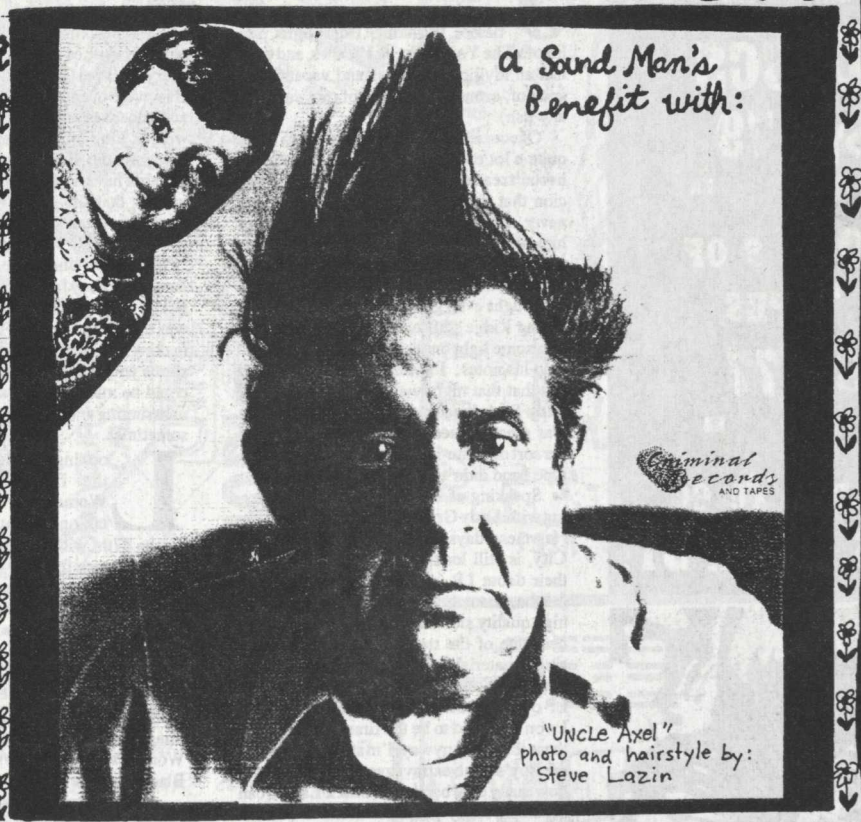
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LOCAL Motion

July's been an action-packed month for me — within the space of about a week I got to see one of my literary heroes, William S. Burroughs, pop-heroes The Young Fresh Fellows, and even had an idyllic four-day island vacation (in spite of, or maybe because of, not catching any fish).

Of course the Bill Burroughs thing's had quite a lot of attention already, but so far I haven't tread about anyone sharing my suspicion that a large part of the audience had never actually read the man's work; heard him on a Dial-A-Poet album, almost certainly, but... (See Jerome Broadway's Burroughs feature in this issue—Ed.) Oh well. Burroughs even got applause and cheers for asking Ridge staff to kill the spot and give him some light on the stage so that he could read his notes. I'm kind of embarrassed to say that that night was the first time I saw Judy Radul read and wow—I thought she was great. Phaedra, of Bolero Lava, and her sort of white-rap-with-lots-of-sampling-type band didn't fare so well.

Speaking of Bolero Lava, they're playing with Andy Graffitti and Linda Humphries these days. Linda's band, Terminal City, is still looking for someone to press their debut LP (a little softer and slower, maybe, than their live performances, but high quality stuff). In the meantime you can hear one of the tracks, City Love (this is single material, Linda) as a demo right here at CiTR. Sons of Freedom should have an LP out really soon (maybe they already do, I won't pretend to be the first to know about these things). Anyway, I'm still all addled by the Boy's Club extravaganza early in July—how many cool bands and Black Labels can a person really handle? (And a pox on whoever's responsible for shutting the whole thing down early....)

I had the good luck to catch 64 Funny Cars (who call themselves, among other things, "Victoria's friendliest quartet") opening for our very own

Ice men at the Arts Club Sunday the 17th. First of all, it was nice to again be able to see a band at the Seymour Street venue most likely to be confused with a suburban basement (in spite of the conspicuous absence of everyone's pal Garnet); secondly, the Funny Cars were even better than I had hoped. The audience was small (I guess a lot of people were at Tin God or Oversoul Seven or still enjoying the Folk Festival) but couldn't help but have a good time—it's no surprise to hear that the guys (two of whom have pretty important jobs at Victoria's CFUV) will be in the studio soon with Conrad "Popilama" Uno, who produces (just to name two of my favourite bands) The Young Fresh Fellows and Fastbacks. Anyway, it was the kind of evening that, besides almost making you wish you lived in Victoria, inspires you to dream of a world where there could be music justice wherein young, fun, unassuming and nice bands could get famous sometimes.

Looking ahead to the end of August, the first annual Vancouver Women's Music Festival will be taking place at New Brighton Park on the 27th, with continuous entertainment on two stages from 10 am to 10 pm. This means that the organisers are looking for lots of performers (musicians, poets, actors, dancers, etc), so send a bio, description of your work, and a tape to #1-1325 Barclay Street, V6E 1H6, if you're interested in taking part. If you're interested in going to this or other related events, tickets (and, I would imagine, details) are available at The Women's Bookstore, Ariel, Little Sisters, Black Swan, and Octopus East.

As for demo reviews—due to various mix-ups (and my not getting to see any tapes I liked in time for this column) they'll have to wait 'til Discorder's huge September issue. OK?

Janis

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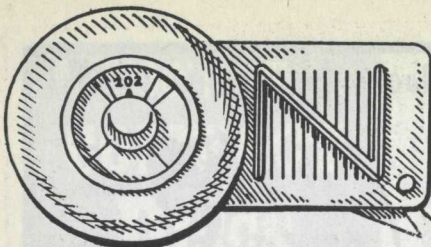
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Aug 1: Passport and Peaceville records

Aug 8: Independent club music

Aug 15: SST Part II - giveaways, interviews, and new product from America's favorite indie

Aug 22: London mod label Unicorn Records - new music from the Toasters, the Risk, the Mondays, plus more.

Aug 29: Blast First and CD-only label Rykodisc.

ALIEN WATCHDOG 1-3:00pm

Finally, radio for SPACE CADETS. Keep your eyes on the sky and your ears on the radio, UFO sightings, recipes, and other extra-terrestrial goings-on.

CRAPSHOOT 5:30-6:00pm

Well it's time for the panelists: Ken (Tory), Martin (Liberal), Ed (NDP), and Mikail G. (Communist) to chew the fat. Of course, our moderate moderator, Dylan, will make sure that things don't get out of hand. Topics this month: Tory backstabbing, Liberal hypocrisy, the NDP's illusions of grandeur and our favorite topic: Bill Vander Zalm.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9-12:30am

Vancouver's longest running prime time Jazz program featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview and local music news. Hosted by the ever-sweet Gavin Walker.

Aug 1: "Soul Stirrin" is our theme for the Jazz show...not only is that a great tune but it's from a fine album (a rare collector's item) of the same name by trombonist Bennie Green. Tonight the whole album as our feature. Bennie Green with Gene Ammons, Sonny Clark and more.

Aug 8: Courtney Pine, a young saxophonist from England (born of Jamaican parents) has come a long way since his first recording (which was a Jazz Show feature) he has TURNED DOWN jobs with Elvin Jones and Art Blakey to continue to spread the Jazz word in England. His second album is our feature tonight and it's great!

ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY 12:30-4:00am

Hey disgruntled Resident's fans without CD players! Listen August 1 for the new CD-only release, "God in three persons" in its entirety. I'm excited!!

TUESDAYS

PEST CONTROL 10:00-1:00pm

They don't care about nuclear war, Bill Vander Zalm, anti-abortion legislation, or Lyell Island. Who are they? They're South American Killer Bees. They'll be here by the middle of the next decade and they just want to sting you. Listen to this show and be prepared.

AURAL TENTACLES midnite til the moon drops from above

Look into the sky and see ethereal sounds, real news and unreal music. Hear the dark fade into day and witness Pierre's w.w.o.d. at 2:00 and feel the difference.

WEDNESDAYS

CITR FM 102
CABLE 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY		
7:30									
8:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER								
9:00	Soup Stock From The Bones	The Jennifer Chan Show	Alternating Wednesdays Every Wednesday	The Spice of Life	In Context	The Saturday Edge	Are you Sirius Music?		
10:00									
11:00		Pest Control	Battersea Park Gardens	Better Hohm's & Garlick's	Tribes And Shadows				
12:00	Soup de Jour				The Joanna Graystone Show				
1:00	BBC WORLD REPORT CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER								
2:00	Alien Watchdog	Blood On The Saddle	The PTL Show	The Kirsty Alley Fan Club	EXPO 66	Power Chord	The Rockers Show		
3:00					Narduwar				
4:00	Radio Vomit	Steaks This Thick	The PTL Show (Cont)	Happiness Is Yelling "Bingo!"	Absolute Value of Noise	NEcROPHILE	The Blues and Soul Show		
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE								
6:00	CrapShoot	Fine Lines	After The Goddess	The Vinyl Frontier	The Radio Show	Deadly Doom	Sat. Magazine		
7:00	Hot Pink	Neon Meat Dream			The African Show	Top Of The Bops	Interference	We Be Botanists/ House Party	Just Like Women/ Electronic Smoke Signals
8:00	More Dinosaurs								
9:00									
10:00	The Jazz Show	Swirlin' Vinyl Spin	Permanent Culture Shock	The Can-Con Job	Stomp On That Boppa-Tron	The Revolving Door	Playloud This Is Not A Test		
11:00									
12:00									
1:00							In The Grip Of Incoherency		
2:00	Environmental Scatology	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After		I Don't Know	Generic Friend			
3:00									
4:00									
WEEKDAY REPORTS									
1:00	BBC World Report/Local news/sports			Noon	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS		10:00	VANCOUVER NEW MUSIC CALENDAR	
5:00	THE CITR MORNING NEWS			6:00	SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE		Noon	NEWS	
8:00							6:00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE	

ALTERNATING WEDNESDAYS/ EVERY WEDNESDAY 7:30-10:00am

Music for erthrophobes.

THE KNIGHT AFTER midnite-very late

Rockin' Patrick and his pal Vern Lutner bring you music without the gristle. Turn it up REALLY loud and get kicked out of your house. MARLIN PERKINS MUSICAL HOUR brings you the weird and wonderful from all over this sick world. This month: Hermanos Guzanos, Tom Furgas, Person to Person, X-Ray Pop, Abner Malaty, and more...

THURSDAYS

CAN-CON JOB 9:00-midnite

Three hours of one hundred percent pure and wholesome homespun C.C. with local band interviews, new tunes, and coming soon—LIVE BANDS. Request your all-time C.C. faves. Dis-corder communist or fascist or Ded.

FRIDAYS

IN CONTEXT 8:30-10:00am

Hosted by Kirby Hill.

Aug 5: Recap of concert events in August, music and interviews, CATS. At 9:45am Arts view (special guest commentary on Arts and events).

Aug 12: The Commodore Ballroom has been one of Vancouver's leading dancehalls since 1927, an interview with Drew Burns, owner, on its history and contemporary use.

Aug 19: With events being cancelled like crazy, it's anybody's guess... Music: David Sanborn, Bryan Ferry, Miriam Makeba.

Aug 26: Dance and new music in the Fall.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS 10:30-11:30am

Hosted by K. Scott Hill.

Aug 5: Private Music has been sending us some interesting music. A listen to the latest from Lucia Hwong, Andy Summers, Patrick O'Heam...maybe an interview.

Aug 12: Room for an Art continues.

Aug 19: The "Avante Garde" in new Jazz: new stuff from Fred Frith, Semantics, others.

Aug 26: Room for the Unexpected (or Rapid Occurrence of Events).

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...2:30-3:00pm

The Bow-marc missile crisis of 1963, certainly caused some heat.

Join Narduwar and Cleo Von Flufflestein as they examine the sweat that has survived all these years on John D. Diefenbacher's embalmed body.

SATURDAYS

WE BE BOTANISTS/HOUSE PARTY 6:00-9:00pm

After 3 years on CTR, the Botanist is splitting. Both Melissa and Grant sell out. They have watched too many episodes of L.A. Law and they want BMW's too. Thanks for the hate mail. Have a good life and marry for money.

GENERIC FRIEND 1:00am-death

Starting August 13, join Kunio as he spends yet another Saturday night alone with a bowl of popcorn in front of the TV test signal, but then again, what is so wrong with that?

SPINLIST

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
*ART BERGMANN	CRAWL WITH ME	DUKE STREET
NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS	MERCY SEAT	MUTE
SWANS	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	CAROLINE
LEDERNAKEN	LET YOURSELF GO	STRIKE-BACK
MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	I GOT THE FEAR	SWEATBOX
PATTI SMITH	DREAM OF LIFE	ARISTA
*NUMB	NUMB	EDGE
CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN	OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY...	VIRGIN
*SPIRIT OF THE WEST	LABOUR DAY	STONEY PLAIN
RAMONES	MANIA	WEA
X	LIVE AT THE WHISKEY A GOGO	WEA
CLASH	THE STORY OF THE CLASH VOL I	CBS
MANUFACTURE	ARMED FORCES	NETTWERK
VARIOUS	HIP HOP 21	STREET SOUNDS
YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	TOTALLY LOST	FRONTIER
DIAMANDA GALAS	YOU MUST BE CERTAIN OF...	MUTE
RED LORRY/YELLOW LORRY	NOTHING WRONG	SITUATION TWO
GREATER THAN ONE	DANCE OF THE COWARDS	KGKLP
STUMP	FIERCE PANCAKE	MCA
*DAYGLO ABORTIONS	HERE TODAY GUANO TOMORROW	FRINGE
*DEATH SENTENCE	STOP KILLING ME	FRINGE
PURPLE TOADS	LOVE SONGS FOR THE HARD OF...	STAR RECORDS
KILLING JOKE	AMERIC	EG
VARIOUS	PERMANENT RECORD	EPIC
MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	STRAP DOWN	SWEATBOX
BUTTHOLE SURFERS	HAIRWAY TO STEVEN	FRINGE
BEATNIGS	BEATNIGS	ALT. TENTACLE
REVOLTING COCKS	LIVE	WAX TRAX
THE WEATHERMEN	THE BLACK ALBUM ACCORDING...	PLAY IT AGAIN
THE PRIMITIVES	LOVELY	RCA
*GRUESOMES	UNCHAINED	PRIMITIVE
WEDDINGS, PARTIES ANYTHING	ROARING DAYS	WEA
JESUS & MARY CHAIN	BARBED WIRE KISSES	WEA
TRACY CHAPMAN	TRACY CHAPMAN	ELEKTRA
SUGAR CUBES	LIFE'S TOO GOOD	ELEKTRA
*COWBOY JUNKIES	TRINITY SESSIONS	LATENT
*RANDYPETERS	YOU THOUGHT I WAS FOOLIN	AMOK
VARIOUS	RAT MUSIC FOR RAT PEOPLE	CD
KMFDM	DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP	SKYSAW
*STEPHEN FEARING	OUT TO SEA	VAN FOLK FEST
WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES	LET'S PLAY DOMINATION	CAROLINE
NEON JUDGEMENT	HORNY AS HELL	POLYGRAM
DJ JAZZY JEFF & FRESH PRINCE	DJ JAZZY JEFF & FRESH PRINCE	JIVE

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*TENNIS BALL WITH ECHO	*TURNTABLE FEEDBACK
*HARMONIZED POWER RAKE	*SPANISH EVANGELISTS
*DRIVING NAILS	*<<NEW HEADS SOUND MACHINE>>

* DENOTES CANADIAN CONTENT

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Aug 13: Dead Playlists Mourned, part one
Aug 20: Dead Discorders Mourned, issue one
Aug 27: Dead Playlists Mourned, part two

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SIRIUS MUSIC? 8:00-noon
Dinner music for the 22nd century with your hosts Witold Lutoslawski and Charles Ives.

THE BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3:00-6:00pm
Blues from the Mississippi Delta to Chicago, W.W. II to present. Soul from the Motor City, Philly, NYC, the Deep South, and more, 60's to present. Live interviews with local blues musicians every so often. Your host, Rob Z. or Lachlan Murray.

JUST LIKE WOMEN/ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00pm

Aug 7: JUST LIKE WOMEN: POST FESTIVAL FESTIVITIES - Alix, Phranc, and Faith from the Vancouver Folk Music Festival; the Gay Pride Festival; more on the Vancouver Women's Music Festival.

Aug 14: SMOKE SIGNALS: Feature reports on Hiroshima/Nagasaki commemorations in Vancouver. Highlights of International Uranium Congress held in Saskatoon 16-21 June 1988. Preview of Greens Convention to be held 28 August - 2 September 1988 in White Rock.

Aug 21: JUST LIKE WOMEN: WOMEN AND POVERTY - closer to home than most of us would like to believe. Wendy talks to women affected by poverty and women trying to help others out of this vicious cycle.

Aug 28: SMOKE SIGNALS: Feature Report on the Third North American Broregional Congress held 21-26 August in Squamish. Live report from White Rock on opening of the Greens Convention.

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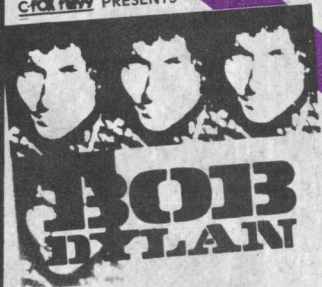
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